

*W. Mattocks as Achilles.*



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be decided.*

*Act 3.<sup>d</sup>*

*Every body*

*Published by J. Harrison & Co. 1789*

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# A C H I L L E S.

AN

O P E R A.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

IN

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

---

Written by Mr. G A Y.

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K

\_\_\_\_\_deceperat omnes.  
(In quibus Ajacem) sumptæ fallacia vestis.

OVID. MET. lib. 13.

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret.

HOR.



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M DCC LXXIX.

## PROLOGUE.

**I** Wonder not our author doubts success,  
 One in his circumstance can do no less.  
 The dancer on the rope, that tries at all,  
 In each unpractis'd caper risks a fall:  
 I own I dread his ticklish situation,  
 Critics detest poetic innovation.  
 Had he been content with solid ground,  
 The giddy, wren-like youth, had never been drown'd.  
 The Pegasus of old had fire and force,  
 But your true modern is a carrier's horse:  
 Drawn by the foremost bell, afraid to stray,  
 Hard following hard, jogs on the beaten way.  
 Why is this man so obstinate an elf?  
 Will he, alone, not imitate himself?  
 His scene now shows the heroes of old Greece;  
 But how? 'tis monstrous! in a comic piece.  
 To bustles, plumes and helmets what pretence,  
 If mighty chiefs must speak but common sense?  
 Shall no bold diction, no poetic rage,  
 Foam at our mouths, and thunder on the stage?  
 No—'tis Achilles, as he came from Chiron,  
 Just taught to sing, as well as wield cold iron;  
 And, whatsoever critics may suppose,  
 Our author holds, than what he speaks was posse.

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

LYCOMEDES.  
 DIPHILOS.  
 ACHILLES.  
 ULYSSES.  
 DIOMEDES.  
 AJAX.  
 PERIPHAS.  
 AGYATES.

### W O M E N.

THETIS.  
 THEASPE.  
 DEIDAMIA.  
 LEBBIA.  
 PHILOX.  
 ARTEMONA.

Courtiers, Guards, &c.

SCENE, SCYROS.





# A C H I L L E S.

## A C T I.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

*Enter Thetis and Achilles.*

**Thet.** BEFORE I leave you, child, I must insist upon your promise, that you will never discover yourself without my leave. Don't look upon it as a capricious fondness, nor think, because 'tis a mother's advice, that, in duty to yourself, you are obliged not to do it.

**Ach.** But my character, my honour—Would you have your son live with infamy?—On the first step of a young fellow, depends his character for life. I beg you, goddess, to dispense with your commands.

**Thet.** Have you, then, no regard to my presentiment? I can't bear the thoughts of your going; for I know that odious siege of Troy would be the death of thee.

**Ach.** Because you have the natural fears of a mother, would you have me insensible that I have the heart of a man? The world, Madam, must look upon my absconding in this manner, and at this particular juncture, as infamous cowardice.

**AIR I. A Clown in Flanders once there was.**

What's life? No curse is more severe,

Than bearing life with shame.

Is this your fondness, this your care?

Oh, give me death with fame?

**Thet.** Keep your temper, Achilles. 'Tis both impious and undutiful to call my prescience in question.

**Ach.** Pardon me, goddess; for had you, like other mothers, been a mere woman only, I should have taken the liberty of other sons, and should (as 'tis my duty) have heard your advice, and followed my own.

**Thet.** I positively shall not be easy, child, unless you give me your word and honour—You know my commands.

**Ach.** My word, Madam, I can give you; but my honour is already sacrificed to my duty. That I gave you, when I submitted to put on this woman's habit.

**Thet.** Believe me, Achilles, I have a tender regard for your honour, as well as life. By preventing your running headlong to your destiny, I preserve you for future glory. Therefore, child, I once more insist upon your solemn promise.

**Ach.** Was I a woman (as I appear to be) I could, without difficulty, give you a promise to have the pleasure of breaking it; but when I promise, my life is pledged for the performance. Your commands, Madam, are sacred. Yet, I intreat you, goddess, to consider the ignominious part you make me act. In obeying you, I prove myself unworthy of you.

**Thet.** My will, Achilles, is not to be controverted. Your life depends upon your duty; and, positively, child, you shall not go to this siege.

**AIR II. Gudgeon's song.**

Why am I thus held at defiance?

A mother, a goddess obey.

Will man never practise compliance,

Till marriage hath taught them the way?

**Ach.** But why must I lead the life of a woman? Why was I stolen away from my preceptor? Was I not as safe under the care of Chiron? I know the love he had for me; I feel his concern; and I dare swear that good creature is now so distressed for the loss of me, that he will quite founder himself with galloping from place to place to look after me.

**Thet.** I'll hear no more. Obey, and seek to know no further. Can you imagine that I would have taken all this trouble to have lodged you under the protection of Lyncmedes, if I had not seen the absolute necessity of it?

**Ach.** Were I allowed to follow my inclinations, what would you have to fear? I should do my duty, and die with honour. Was I to live an age, I could do no more.

**Thet.** You are so very obstinate, that, really, child, there's no enduring you. Your impatience seems to forget that I am a goddess. Have I not degraded myself into the character of a distressed Grecian princess? 'Tis owing to my artifice and insinuation that we have the protection of the king of Scyros. Have I not won Lyncmedes friendship and hospitality to that degree, as to place you, without the least suspicion, among his daughters? And for what, dear Achilles? Your safety and future fame required it.

**Ach.** 'Tis impossible, Madam, to bear it much longer! my words, my actions, my awkward behaviour, must one day inevitably discover me—I had been safer under the tuition of Chiron.

**Thet.** Hath not the prophet Calchas persuaded the confederates, that the success of their expedition against Troy, depends upon your being among them? Have they not emissaries and spies almost every where in search of you? 'Tis here, only, and in this disguise, that I can believe you out of the reach of suspicion—You have so much youth, and such a bloom, that there is no man alive but must take you for a woman. What I am most afraid of is, that when you are among the ladies, you should be so little master of your passions, as to find yourself a man.

**AIR III. Did you ever bear of a gallant Sailor?**

**Ach.** The woman always, in temptation,

Must do what Nature bids her do;

Our hearts feel equal palpitations;

For we've ungarded minutes too.

By nature greedy,

When lank and needy,

Within your fold the wolf confine;

Then bid the glutton

Not think of mutton;

Can you persuade him not to dine?

**Thet.** Now, dear child, let me beg you to be discreet. I have some sea affairs that require my attendance, which (much against my will) oblige me, for a time, to leave you to your own conduct.

*Enter Andromeda.*

**And.** The princesses, Lady Pyrrha, have been sitting

ting at their embroidery above a quarter of an hour, and are perfectly miserable for want of you.

*Tbet.* Pyrrha is so very unhandy, and so monstrously awkward at her needle, that I know she must be diverting. Her passion for romances (as you must have observed in other girls) took her off from every part of useful education.

*Act.* For the many obligations I have to the princesses, I should, no doubt, upon all occasions, show myself ready to be the butt of their ridicule; 'tis a duty that all great people expect from what they call their dependents.

*Art.* How can you, Lady Pyrrha, misinterpret a civility? I know they have a friendship, an esteem for you; and have a pleasure in instructing you.

*Tbet.* For Heaven's sake, Pyrrha, let not your captious temper run away with your good-manners. You cannot but be sensible of the king's and their civilities, both to you and me. How can you be so horribly out of humour?

*Act.* All I mean, Madam, is, that when people are sensible of their own defects, they are not the proper objects of ridicule.

*Tbet.* You are so very touchy, Pyrrha, that there is no enduring you? How can you be so unforgivable a creature, as to deny a friend the liberty of laughing at your little follies and indiscretions? For what, do you think, women keep company with one another?

*Act.* Because they have one another, despise one another, and seek to have the pleasure of seeing and exposing one another's faults and follies.

*Tbet.* Now, dear Pyrrha, tell me, is work a thing you pique yourself upon? Suppose too, they should smile at an absurdity in your dress, it could not be such a mortification, as if, like most women, you had made it the chief business of your life.

*Art.* Don't they treat one another with equal familiarity?

*Act.* But a reply from me (whatever was the provocation) might be looked upon as impertinent. I hate to be under the restraint of civility when I am ill used.

*Art.* Will you allow me, Madam, to make your excuses to the princesses—the occasion of your highness's leaving her, I see, troubles her—Perhaps I may interrupt conversation.

*Tbet.* 'Tis astonishing, child, how you can have so little complaisance. This sullen behaviour of yours must be disagreeable.—I hope, Madam, she is not always in this way?

*Art.* Never was any creature more entertaining! Such spirits, and so much vivacity! The princesses are really fond of her to distraction. The most cheerful tempers are liable to the spleen; and 'tis an indulgence that one woman owes to another.

*Act.* The spleen, Madam, is a female frailty that I have no pretensions to, nor any of it's affections.

AIR IV. *Si vous vous moquez de nous.*

When a woman sullen sits,  
And wants breath to conquer reason,  
Always these affected fits  
Are in season.

Since 'tis in her disposition,  
Make her be her own physician.

*Act.* Nay, dear Madam, you shall not go without me; though I have my particular reasons to be out of humour, I cannot be deficient in good-manners.

*Art.* I know they would take it mortally ill, if they thought your complaisance had put yourself under the least restraint.

*Act.* I can't forgive myself for my behaviour. You must excuse me, Madam; for absence in conversation is an incivility that I am but too liable to.

*Art.* You know we all rally you upon your being in love, as that is one of it's most infallible symptoms.

*Tbet.* I charge you, upon my blessing; as you expect fame, glory, immortality, obey me.

[*To Achilles.*  
*[Thetis kisses him. Exit Achilles and Artemona.]*

*Tbet.* As for his face, his air, his figure, I am not under the least apprehension; all my concern is from the impetuosity of his temper. Yet, after all, why should I fear a discovery? For women have the same passions, though they employ them upon different objects.

AIR V. *A Minuet.*

Man's so touchy, a word that's injurious  
Wakes his honour; he's sudden as fire:  
Woman kindles, and is no less furious,  
For her trifles, or any desire.

Man is telly,  
Or four, or fifty,

If baulk'd of honours, or pow'r, or self:  
Woman's passions can no less moiett ye,  
And all for reasons she keeps to herself.

*Tbet.* He is sudden, he is impatient. What then? Are women less so? Ask almost all servants what they know of their mistresses. He is willful, telly and untractable: can't thousands of husbands say as much of their wives? Then, as for his obstinacy, that can never shew him less a woman. But he hath not that command of his tongue I could wish him: he is too vehement, too severe in his expressions. In this particular, indeed, few women take equal liberties to one another's faces; but they make ample amends for it behind each other's backs. So that, with all these infirmities of man, he may, with the least conduct, very well pass for a fine spirited woman. This reflection hath cured my anxiety, and will make me believe him secure.

*Enter Lycomedes.*

*Tbet.* 'Tis with the utmost gratitude that I return your majesty thanks for the honours and hospitable favours shewn to me and my daughter.

*Lyc.* You would oblige me more, Madam, if your affairs would allow you to accept them longer.

*Tbet.* I have presumed, Sir, to trespass farther on your generosity, in leaving my daughter under your protection. I hope Pyrrha's behaviour will deserve it.

AIR VI. *To you, my Dear, and to no other.*

Must, then, alas! the fondest mother  
Desert her child?

*Lyc.*—Ah, why this tear?

She'll in Theasp find another;  
In me, paternal love and care.

*Lyc.* Had you taken her with you, my daughters would have been miserable beyond expression; theirs and her education shall be the same.

*Tbet.* I beg you, Sir, not to regard my gratitude like the common obligations of princes; for neither time nor interest can ever cancel it.

*Lyc.* Affairs of consequence may require your presence. Importunity, upon these occasions, is troublesome and unhospitable. I ask no questions, Madam, because I chuse not to pry into secrets.

*Tbet.* I can only thank, and rely upon your majesty's goodness—My duty to the queen, Sir, calls me hence, to own my obligations, and receive her commands. [*Exit.*

*Enter Diphilus.*

*Lyc.* The princess Calista hath taken her leave; she is but just gone out of the room.

*Diph.* The daughter, Sir, was a most delicious piece.

*Lycom.* With all her little vixen humours, to my taste she is infinitely agreeable.

*Dipb.* Your parting with her, Sir, in this easy manner, is astonishing—One, too, so excessively fond of you—

*Lycom.* Parting with her, Diphilus!

*Dipb.* But no prince alive hath so great a command of his passions.

*Lycom.* Dear Diphilus, let me understand you.

*Dipb.* To my knowledge, you might have had her.

*Lycom.* Can I believe thee?

*Dipb.* I really thought the queen began to be a little uneasy; and, for the quiet of the family, (since she is gone) I must own I am heartily glad of it.

AIR VII. *John went suiting unto Joan.*

How your patience had been try'd,

Had this haughty dame comply'd!

What's a mistress and a wife?

Joy for moments, plague for life.

*Lycom.* I am not so unhappy, Diphilus—Her mother hath left her to my care.

*Dipb.* Just as I wished.

*Lycom.* Would she had taken her with her!

*Dipb.* It might have been better; for, beyond dispute, Sir, both you and the queen would have been easier.

*Lycom.* Why did she trust her to me?

*Dipb.* There could be but one reason.

*Lycom.* I cannot answer for myself.

*Dipb.* 'Twas upon that very presumption you was trusted.

*Lycom.* Would I could believe thee!

*Dipb.* 'Tis an apparent manifest scheme, Sir; and you would disappoint both mother and daughter, if your majesty did not betray your trust. You love her, Sir, you say.

*Lycom.* To distraction, Diphilus.

*Dipb.* And was the betraying a trust ever, as yet, an obstacle to that passion? What would you have a mother do more upon such an occasion? Ladies of her rank cannot transact an affair of this kind, but with some decorum.

*Lycom.* But you can never suppose Pyrrha knows any thing of the matter.

*Dipb.* Why not, Sir?

*Lycom.* From me she cannot; for I have never, as yet, made any downright professions.

*Dipb.* There lies the true cause of her thoughtfulness; 'tis nothing but anxiety, for fear her scheme should not take place; for, no doubt, her mother hath instructed her not to be too forward, to make you more so.—Believe me, Sir, you will have no difficulties in this affair, but those little ones that every woman knows how to practise to quicken a lover.

*Lycom.* Be it as it will, Diphilus, I must have her.

*Dipb.* Had I been acquainted with your pleasure sooner, your majesty by this time had been tired of her.—How happy shall I make her, if I may have the honour of your majesty's commands to hint your passion to her.

*Lycom.* Never did eyes receive a passion with such coldness, such indifference!

AIR VIII. *Groom's Complaint.*

Whene'er my soul hath breath'd desire,

I sigh'd, I gaz'd in vain:

No glance confest the secret fire;

And eyes the heart explain.

*Dipb.* Though 'tis what she wishes, what she longs for, what she sighs for, respect and awe are a strait upon her eyes as well as tongue. I have

often told you, Sir, she dares not understand you; she dares not believe herself so happy.

*Lycom.* Take this ring, Diphilus.—I must leave the rest to your discretion.

*Dipb.* There may be a manner in giving it her, a little hint or so—but the present will speak for itself; 'tis the most successful advocate of love, and never wants an interpreter.

*Lycom.* Say every thing for me, Diphilus; for I feel I cannot speak for myself.

*Dipb.* Could I be as successful in all my other negotiations! Yet there may be difficulties; for, if I mistake not, the lady hath something of the coquette about her; and what self-denial will not those creatures suffer to give a lover anxiety?

AIR IX. *O'er Bogie.*

Observe the wanton kitten's play,

Whene'er a mouse appears;

You there the true coquette survey

In all her flirting airs:

Now pawing,

Now clawing,

Now in fond embrace;

Till, 'midst her freaks,

He from her breaks,

Steals off, and bilks the chase.

*Lycom.* Dear Diphilus, what do you mean? I never saw a woman so little of that character.

*Dipb.* Pardon me, Sir; your situation is such, that you can never see what mankind really are. In your presence every one is acting a part; no one is himself, and was it not for the eyes and tongues of your faithful servants, how little would your subjects be known to you! Though she is so prim and reserved before you, she is never at a loss for airs to draw all the young flirting lords of the court about her.

*Lycom.* Beauty must always have it's followers.

*Dipb.* If I mistake not, general Ajax too (who is sent to solicit your quota for the Trojan war) hath another solicitation more at heart.—But suppose she had ten thousand lovers; a woman's prevalent passion is ambition, which must answer your ends.—The queen is coming this way, and her commands may detain me.—I go, Sir, to make Pyrrha the happiest creature upon earth. [Exit.

Enter Theasp.

*Theasp.* I think the princess Calista might as well have taken her daughter with her.—That girl is so intolerably forward, that I cannot imagine such conversation can possibly be of any great advantage to your daughters education.

*Lycom.* You seem of late to have taken an aversion to the girl. She hath spirit and vivacity, but not more than is becoming the sex; and I never saw anything in her behaviour but what was extremely modest.

*Theasp.* For heaven's sake, Sir, allow me to believe my own eyes. Her forwardness must give the fellows some encouragement, or there would not be that intolerable flutter about her.—But, perhaps, she hath some reasons to be more upon her guard before you.

*Lycom.* How can you be so unreasonably censorious?

*Theasp.* I can see her faults, Sir. I see her as a woman sees a woman. The men, it seems, think the awkward creature handsome.

AIR X. *Dutch Skipper. First Part.*

*Lycom.* When a woman's censorious,

And attacks the meritorious;

In the scandal she shews her own malicious thought;

If real guilt she blames,

Then pride her heart inflames,

And she fancies she's better for another's fault;

B 2



Thus seeking to disclose

The slips of friends and foes,

By her envy she does herself alone expose.

*Lycom.* Nay, dear child, your attacking her in this peevish way can be nothing but downright antipathy.

*Theaf.* Nay, dear Sir, your defending her in this feeling manner, can be nothing but downright partiality.

*Lycom.* I own myself partial to distress, and I see her in that circumstance.

*Theaf.* But there are other reasons that may make a man partial.

**AIR XI. Dutch Skipper. Second Part.**

As you, Sir, are my husband, no doubt you're prone  
To turn each new face

To a wife's disgrace;

And for no other cause but that she's your own:

Nay, Sir, 'tis an evident case.

'Tis strange that all husbands should prove so blind,

That a wife's real merits they ne'er can find,

Tho' they strike all the rest of mankind.

*Lycom.* How can you be so ridiculous? By these airs, Madam, you would have me believe you are jealous.

*Theaf.* Whence had you this contemptible opinion of me? Jealous! If I was so, I have a spirit above owning it. I would never heighten your pleasure by letting you have the satisfaction of knowing I was uneasy.

*Lycom.* Let me beg you, my dear, to keep your temper.

*Theaf.* Since I have been so unguarded as to own it; give me leave to tell you, Sir, that was I of a lower rank, it would keep you in some awe, because you would then know I could take my revenge.

*Lycom.* You forget your duty, child.

*Theaf.* There is a duty, too, due from a husband.

*Lycom.* How can you give way to these passions?

*Theaf.* Because you give way to yours.

*Lycom.* But to be so unreasonably jealous!

*Theaf.* Unreasonably! Would it were so!

**AIR XII. Black Joke.**

*Lycom.* Then must I bear eternal strife,

Both night and day put in mind of a wife,

By her pouts, spleen, and passionate airs!

*Theaf.* D'ye think I'll bear eternal slight,

And not complain when I'm robb'd of my right:

Call you this, Sir, but whimsical fears?

*Lycom.* Can nought then still this raging storm?

*Theaf.* Yes. What you promis'd if you wou'd perform.

*Lycom.* P'rythee, teize me no more.

*Theaf.* I can never give o'er,

Till I find you as fond and as kind as before.

*Lycom.* Will you ne'er ask

A possible task?

*Lycom.* Would you have me so un hospitable as to deny her my protection?

*Theaf.* 'Tis not, Sir, that I presume to controul you in your pleasures.—Yet you might, methinks, have shew'd that tenderness for me to have acted with a little more reserve. Women are not so blind as husbands imagine.—Were there no other circumstances, your coolness to me, your indifference.—How I despise myself for this confession!—Pardon me, Sir, I love made me thus indiscreet.

**AIR XIII. Ye Shepherds and Nymphs.**

*Theaf.* Weeping.

Oh, love, plead my pardon; nor plead it in vain;

'Twas you that was jealous, 'twas you was in pain;  
Yet why should you speak? To what purpose or end?  
I must be unhappy if love can offend.

*Theaf.* Yet was ever a design of this kind so manifest, so bare-faced!

**AIR XIV. The Goddesses.**

*Theaf.* angry.

To what a pitch is man profuse,

And all for ostentatious pride!

E'en misses are not kept for use,

But for mere show, and nought beside,

For, might a wife speak out,

She cou'd prove, beyond all doubt,

With more than enough he was simply'd.

*Theaf.* The princess Calista hath shewn an uncommon confidence in your majesty. The woman, no doubt, depends upon it, that her daughter's charms are not to be resisted.

*Lycom.* Nay, dear child, don't be scandalous.

**AIR XV. Joan's Placket.**

Reputations hack'd and hew'd,

Can never be mended again;

Yet nothing stints the tattling prude,

Who joys in another's pain.

Thus while she rends

Both foes and friends,

By both she's torn in twain.

Reputations hack'd and hew'd

Can never be mended again.

*Theaf.* You are in so particular a manner obliged to her, that I am not surpris'd at your taking her part.

*Lycom.* But, dear Madam, why at present is all this violent fluster?

*Theaf.* Ask your own heart, ask your own conduct. Those can best inform you.—'Twould have been more obliging, if P'rrha and you had kept me out of this impudent secret.—You know, Sir, I have reason.

*Lycom.* If one woman's virtue depended upon another's suspicions, where should we find a woman of common modesty? Indeed, child, I think you injure her; I believe her virtuous.

*Theaf.* When a man hath ruined a woman, he thinks himself obliged in honour to stand up for her reputation.

*Lycom.* If you will believe only your own unaccountable suspicions, and are determin'd not to hear reason, I must leave you to your perverse humour.—What would you have me say? What would you have me do?

*Theaf.* Shew your hospitality (as you call it) to me, and put that creature out of the palace.

*Lycom.* I have a greater regard to yours and my own quiet, than ever to comply with the extravagant passions of a jealous woman.

*Theaf.* You have taken then your resolutions, I find; and I am sentenced to neglect.—Did ever a woman marry but with the probability of having at least one man in her power!—What a wretched wife am I! [*Weeps.*]

*Lycom.* Jealousy from a wife, even to a man of quality, is now look'd upon as ill-manners, though the affair be never so public.—But without a cause!—I beg you, Madam, to say no more upon this subject.

*Theaf.* Though you, Sir, may think her fit company for you; methinks the very same reasons might tell you that she is not so very reputable a companion for your daughters.

*Lycom.* Since a passionate woman will only believe herself, I must leave you, Madam, to enjoy your obnoxious; I know but that way of putting an end to the dispute.

**AIR XVI. We've cheated the Parson, &c.**

Though woman's glib tongue, when her passions are  
Eternally go, a man's ear can be tir'd. [*Sings.*]  
Since a woman will have both her word and her will  
I yield to your tongue, but my reason chary.

I obey.

Nothing say,

Since woman will have both her word and her way.

[Exit.]

*Theas.* Would I had been more upon the reserve! But husbands are horribly provoking; they know the frailty of the sex, and never fail to take the advantage of our passions, to make us expose ourselves by contradiction.—*Artemona.*

*Enter Artemona.*

*Art. Madam.*

*Theas.* Is that creature, that what do you call her? that princess, gone?

*Art. Yes, Madam.*

*Theas.* Why did not she take that awkward thing, her daughter, with her?

*Art.* The advantages she might receive in her education, might be an inducement to leave her.

*Theas.* Might that be an inducement?

*Art.* Besides, in her present circumstance, it might be inconvenient to take her daughter with her.

*Theas.* Can't you find out any other reason for leaving her?

*Art.* Your courtesy, Madam; your hospitality.

*Theas.* No other reason!

*Art.* No other reason? —

*Theas.* Would I could believe there was no other!

*Art.* 'Tis not for me to pry into your majesty's secrets.

*Theas.* I hate a girl that is so intolerably forward.

*Art.* I never observed any thing but those little liberties that girls of her age will take, when they are among themselves.—Perhaps those particular distinctions the princesses shew her, may have made her too familiar.—I am not, Madam, an advocate for her behaviour.

*Theas.* A look so very audacious! Now the filthy men, who love every thing that is impudent, call that spirit.—But there are, *Artemona*, some particular distinctions from a certain person, who of late hath been very particular to me, that might indeed make her too familiar.

*Art.* Heaven forbid!

*Theas.* How precarious is the happiness of a wife, when it is in the power of every new face to destroy it!—Now, dear *Artemona*, tell me sincerely, don't you, from what you yourself have observed, think I have reason to be uneasy?

*Art.* That I have observed!

*Theas.* Dear *Artemona*, don't frighten thyself.—I am not accusing you, but talking to you as a friend.

A I R XVII. *Fairy Elves.*

*Art.* Oh, guard your hours from care,

Of jealousy beware;

For she with fancy'd sprites,

Herself torments and frights.

Thus she frets, and pines, and grieves,

Raising fears that she believes.

*Theas.* I hate myself too for having so much condescension and humility as to be jealous. 'Tis flattering the man that uses one ill; and 'tis wanting the natural pride that belongs to the sex. What a wretched, mean, contemptible figure, is a jealous woman! How have I exposed myself!

*Art.* Your majesty is safe in the confidence reposed in me.

*Theas.* That is not the case, *Artemona*; *Lycomedes* knows I am unhappy. I have owned it, and was so unguarded as to accuse him.

*Art.* Upon mere suspicion only?

*Theas.* Beyond dispute he loves her. I know it, *Artemona*; and can one imagine that girl hath virtue enough to withstand such a proposal?

A I R XVIII. *Moll Pearly.*

All hearts are a little frail,

When temptation is rightly apply'd.

What can shame or fear avail

When we sooth both ambition and pride?

All women have power in view:

Then there's pleasure to tempt her too.

Such a sure attack there's no defying,

No denying;

Since complying

Gives her another's due.

*Theas.* I can't indeed (if you mean that) positively affirm that he hath yet had her.

*Art.* Then it may be still only suspicion.

*Theas.* I have trusted, too, my daughter *Deidamia* with my weakness; that she, by her intimacies and friendship with *Pyrroha*, may get into her secrets. In short, I have placed her as my spy about her.—That girl (out of good-nature, and to prevent family disputes) may deceive me. She insists upon it, that I have nothing to fear from *Pyrroha*; and is so positive in this opinion, that she offers to be answerable for her conduct.

*Art.* Why then, *Madam*, will you still believe your own jealousies?

*Theas.* All I say is, that *Deidamia* may deceive me; for whatever is in the affair, 'tis impossible but she must know it: I have ordered it so, that she is scarce ever from her; they have one and the same bed-chamber; yet such is my distemper, that I suspect every body, and can only believe my own imaginations.—There must be some reason that *Deidamia* hath not been with me this morning.—I am impatient to see her.

A I R XIX. *John Anderson my Jo.*

*Art.* Let jealousy no longer

A fruitless search pursue;

You make his flame the stronger,

And wake resentment too.

This self-tormenting care give o'er;

For all you can obtain

Is, what was only doubt before,

To change for real pain.

## A C T II.

*Enter Diphilus and Achilles.*

*Act.* I Am very sensible, my lord, of the particular honours that are shewn me.

*Diph.* Honours, *Madam*! *Lycomedes* is still more particular. How happy must that woman be whom he respects.

*Act.* What do you mean, my lord?

*Diph.* Let this speak both for him and me: the present is worthy him to give, and you to receive.

[Giving a ring.]

*Act.* I have too many obligations already.

*Diph.* 'Tis in your power, *Madam*, to return 'em all.

*Act.* Thus I return 'em. And, if you dare be honest, tell him this ring had been a more honourable present to *Theaspe*.

A I R XX. *Abroad as I was walking,*

[Offering the ring a second time.]

*Diph.* Such homage to her beauty,

What coyness can reject?

Accept, as 'tis your duty,

The tribute with respect.

What more can beauty gain thee?

With love I offer power;

What shame can ever stain thee,

Restrain thee,

Or pain thee,

When blest with such a dower?



*Diph.* 'Tis but an earnest, Madam, of future favours.—When Lycomedes's power is yours, I intreat your highness not to forget your servant.

*Act.* I shall remember thee with contempt and abhorrence.

*Diph.* I beg you, Madam, to consider your present situation.—This uncommon distinction requires a softer answer.

*Act.* I shall give no other, my lord.—I dare say, Diphilus, you think yourself highly honoured by your present negotiation.—Is there no office too mean for ambition?—Was you not a man of quality, was you not a favourite, the world, my Lord, would call you a pimp, a pander, a bawd, for this very honourable proposal of yours.

*Diph.* What an unmerciful weapon is a woman's tongue!—I beg your highness to confine yourself within the bounds of common civility, and to consider who I am.

*Act.* I do consider it, Diphilus, and that makes thee a thousand times the more contemptible.

A I R XXI. *Butter'd Pease.*

Shou'd the beast of the noblest race

Act the brute of the lowest class;

Tell me, which do you think more base,  
Or the lion or the ass?

Boast not then of thy rank or state;

That but shews thee the meaner slave;

Take thy due, then, of scorn and hate,  
As thou'rt but the greater knave.

*Diph.* Though the sex have the privilege of unlimited expression, and that a woman's words are not to be resisted; yet a lady, Madam, may be ill-bred. Ladies, too, are generally passionate enough without a provocation, so that a reply at present would be unnecessary.

*Act.* Are such the friends of power? How unhappy are princes to have their passions so very readily put in execution, that they seldom know the benefit of reflection! Go, and for once make your report faithfully and without flattery. [*Exit.*]

*Diph.* The girl is so excessively ill-bred, and such an arrant mercurial, that I cou'd as soon fall in love with a tigress. She hath a handsome face, 'tis true, but in her temper she is a very fury.—But Lycomedes likes her; and 'tis not for me to dispute either his taste or pleasure.—Notwithstanding she is such a spit-fire, 'tis my opinion the thing may still do: things of this nature should be always transacted in person, for there are women so ridiculously half-modest, that they are ashamed in words to consent to what, (when a man comes to the point) they will make no difficulties to comply with.

*Enter Lycomedes.*

*Lycom.* Well, Diphilus, in what manner did she receive my present?

*Diph.* 'Tis my opinion, Sir, that she will accept it only from your hands. From me she absolutely refuses it.

A I R XXII. *Come, open the Door, sweet Betty.*

*Lycom.* What, must I remain in anguish?

And did not her eyes consent?

No sigh, not a blush, nor languish

That promis'd a kind event!

It must be all affectation,

The tongue hath her heart bely'd;

That oft hath withstood temptation,

When ev'ry thing else comply'd.

*Lycom.* How did she receive you? Did you watch her eyes? What was her behaviour when you first told her I loved her?

*Diph.* She seemed to be desperately disappointed, that you had not told her so yourself.

*Lycom.* But when you pressed it to her—

*Diph.* She had all the repentment and fury of the most complying prude.

*Lycom.* But did not she soften upon consideration?

*Diph.* She seemed to take it mortally ill of me, that my meddling in the affair had delayed your majesty's application.

*Lycom.* What, no favourable circumstance!

*Diph.* Nay, I was not in the least surpris'd at her behaviour. Love at second-hand to a lady of her warm constitution! It was a disappointment, Sir; and she could not but treat it accordingly.—Whatever was my opinion, 'twas my duty, Sir, to obey you, but I found just the reception I expected. Apply to her yourself, Sir; answer her wishes, and (if I know any thing of woman) she will then answer yours, and behave herself as she ought.

*Lycom.* But, dear Diphilus, I grow more and more impatient.

*Diph.* That, too, by this time is her case.—To save the appearances of virtue, the most easy woman expects a little gentle compulsion, and to be allowed the decency of a little feeble resistance. For the quiet of her own conscience a woman may insist upon acting the part of modesty, and you must comply with her scruples.—You will have no more trouble but what will heighten the pleasure.

*Lycom.* Pyrrha, this is beyond my hopes! Diphilus, lay your hand upon my breast. Feel how my heart flutters.

*Diph.* Did Pyrrha feel these assurances of love she would not appear so thoughtful.

*Lycom.* Deidamia, too, not with her!

*Diph.* She is with the queen, Sir.

*Lycom.* My other daughters, who seem less fond of her, are in the garden; so all's safe.—Leave me, Diphilus, and let none, upon pain of my displeasure, presume to intrude. [*Exit Diph.*]

*Enter Achilles.*

*Lycom.* Lady Pyrrha, my dear child, why so thoughtful?

*Act.* Thoughts may not be so respectful; they may be too familiar, too friendly, too true: and who about you presumes to communicate 'em? Words and forms only are for your ear, Sir.

*Lycom.* You know, Pyrrha, you was never received upon the foot of ceremony, but friendship; so that it would be more respectful if you was less shy and less reserved.—'Tis your behaviour, Pyrrha, that keeps me at a distance.

*Act.* If I was wanting, Sir, either in duty to you or myself, my own heart would be the first to reproach me.—Your majesty's generosity is too solicitous upon my account; and your courtesy and affability may even now detain you from affairs of importance.—If you have no commands, Sir, the princesses expect me in the garden.

*Lycom.* Nay, positively, my dear Pyrrha, you shall not go.

*Act.* But why, Sir?—For Heaven's sake, what hath set you a trembling?—I fear, Sir, you are out of order.—Who waits there?

*Lycom.* I did not call, Pyrrha.

*Act.* Let me then, Sir, know your commands.—

A I R XXIII. *Altro giorno in compagnia.*

*Lycom.* If my passion wants explaining,

This way turn and read my eyes;

These will tell thee, without feigning,

What in words I must disguise.

*Act.* Why do you fix your eyes so intensely upon me?—Speak your pleasure, speak to me then.—Why am I seized?—Spare me, Sir, for I have a temper that can't bear provocation.

*Lycom.*

# A C H I L L E S.

9

*Lycom.* I know there are a thousand necessary affections of modesty, which women, in decency to themselves, practise with common lovers before compliance.—But my passion, Pyrrha, deserves some distinction.

*Acb.* I beg you then, Sir, don't lay violent hands upon me.

*Lycom.* The present you refused from Diphilus accept from me.

*Acb.* Why will you persist?—nay, dear Sir, I can't answer for my passions.

*Lycom.* 'Tis not Diphilus, but I give it you.

*Acb.* That Diphilus, Sir, is your enemy:

*Lycom.* 'Tis I that offer it.

*Acb.* Your very worst enemy, your flatterer.

*Lycom.* You should strive, child, to conquer these extravagant passions.

*Acb.* How I despise that fellow! that pimp, that pander!

## AIR XXIV. Trip to the Landry.

How unhappy are the great;

Thus begirt with servile slaves!

Such with praise your reason cheat;

Flatt'ers are the meanest knaves:

They in friendship's guise accost you;

False in all they say or do.

When these wretches have ingross'd you,

Who's the slave, Sir; they or you?

*Lycom.* Is this reproachful language, Pyrrha, befitting my presence?

*Acb.* Nay, dear Sir, don't worry me. By Jove, you'll provoke me.

*Lycom.* Your affection, Pyrrha, is intolerable. There's enough of it. Those looks of aversion are insupportable. I will have no struggling.

*Acb.* Then, Sir, I must have no violence.

## AIR XXV. As I walked along Fleet-Street.

*Lycom.* When the fort on no condition

Will admit the gen'rous foe,

Parley but delays submission;

We by storm shoud' lay it low.

*Lycom.* I am in earnest, lady.—I will have no trifling, no coqueting; you may spare those little arts of women, for my passion is warm and vehement enough without 'em. Do you know, Pyrrha, that obedience is your duty?

*Acb.* I know my duty, Sir; and had it not been for that sycophant, Diphilus, perhaps you had known yours.

*Lycom.* I am not, lady, to be awed and frightened by stern looks and frowns.—Since your obstinate behaviour, then, makes violence necessary—

*Acb.* You make self-preservation, Sir, as necessary.

*Lycom.* I won't be refused.

## AIR XXVI. The Lady's New-Year's Gift.

*Lycom.* Why such affection?

*Acb.* Why this provocation?

*Lycom.* Must I bear resistance still!

*Acb.* Check your inclination.

*Lycom.* Dare you then deny me?

*Acb.* You too far may try me.

*Lycom.* Must I then against your will!

*Acb.* Force shall never ply me.

*Lycom.* Never was such a termagant!

*Acb.* By Jove, never was such an insult!

*Lycom.* Will you?—Dare you?—Never was such strength!

[Achilles pushes him from him with great violence, and throws him down.]

*Acb.* Desist then.

*Lycom.* Audacious fury, know you what you have done?

## AIR XXVII. Puppet-Show Trumpet-tune.

[Achilles bidding Lycomedes down.]

*Acb.* What heart hath not courage, by force assail'd,

To brave the most desperate fight?

'Tis justice and virtue that hath prevail'd;

Power must yield to right.

*Lycom.* Am I so ignominiously to be got the better of!

*Acb.* You are.

*Lycom.* By a woman!

*Acb.* You now, Sir, find you had acted a greater part, if (in spite of your flatterers) you had got the better of your own passions.

Enter Diphilus and Courtiers.

1 Court. An attempt upon the king's life!—The guards! where are the guards?

2 Court. Such an open, bare-faced assassination!

[They seize Achilles, and raise Lycomedes.]

*Acb.* Save your zeal, Sirs, for times of real danger. Let Lycomedes accuse me.—He knows my offence.

*Lycom.* How have I exposed myself!—Diphilus, bid these over-officious friends leave me; and, as they value my favour, that they say nothing of what they have seen.—[Diphilus talks apart with the Courtiers, who go out.] Though the insult from any other person had been unpardonable; there are ways that you, Madam, might still take to reconcile me.

## AIR XXVIII. Old King Cole.

No more be coy;

Give a loose to joy,

And let love for thy pardon sue.

A glance cou'd all my rage destroy,

And light up my flame anew.

For though a man can stand at bay

Against a woman's will,

And keep, amid the loudest fray,

His resolution still:

Yet when consenting smiles accost,

The man in her arms is lost.

*Diph.* Your majesty hath had too much confidence in this woman. The lives of kings are sacred, and the matter (trivial as it seems) deserves further inquiry. There must be some secret villainous design in this affair.

*Acb.* And are not you, Diphilus, conscious of that secret villainous design in this affair.

*Diph.* 'Tis an offence, Sir, that is not to be pardoned. Your dignity, Sir, calls upon you (notwithstanding your partiality to her) to make her an example. There must be things of consequence that we are still ignorant of; and she ought to undergo the severest examination.—My zeal for your service, Sir, was never as yet at a loss for witnesses upon these occasions. [To Lycomedes.]

*Lycom.* Don't you see the queen coming this way? Have done with this discourse, dear Diphilus, and leave me.—[Exit Diphilus.]—Would I could forget this ridiculous affair! For the present, Pyrrha, I trust you to return to the ladies; though (considering your passionate temper) I have little reason to rely on your discretion. [Exit Ach.]

Enter Theaspe.

*Theas.* I thought I had heard Pyrrha's voice.

*Lycom.* A jealous woman's thoughts are her own and her husband's eternal plague; so I beg you, my dear, say no more of her.

*Theas.* And have I no reason but my own thoughts, my liege?

## AIR XXIX. Dicky's Walk in D Faustus.

*Theas.* What, give o'er!

must

I must and will complain.

*Lycm.* You plague us both in vain.

*Tbeaf.* You won't then hear a wife!

*Lycm.* I must, it seems, for life.

Teise no more.

*Tbeaf.* Nay, Sir, you know 'tis true,  
That 'tis to her I owe my due.  
No thanks to you!

*Tbeaf.* It behoves kings, Sir, to have the severest guard upon their actions; for as their great ones are trumpeted by fame, their little ones are as certainly and as widely conveyed from ear to ear by a whisper.

*Lycm.* These chimerical jealousies, Madam, may provoke my patience.

*Tbeaf.* Chimerical jealousies! And do you really, Sir, think your ignominious affair is still a secret? Am I to be ignorant of a thing that is already whispered every where?

A I R XXX. *Puddings and Pies.*

*Lycm.* The slips of a husband, you wives

Will never forget;

Your tongue for the course of our lives

Is ever in debt.

'Tis now sunning,

And then dunning;

Intent on our follies alone,

'Tis too fully employ'd, that you never can think of your own.

*Tbeaf.* Deidamia, that honourable, that virtuous creature, Pyrrha, well deserves both your friendship and mine. As soon as you have found her, bring her to me.—[*Exit Deid.*] After the repulse and disgrace you have very justly met with, you might with reason censure me for want of duty and respect, should I upbraid you. 'Tis past; and if you will never again put me in mind, I chuse to forget it. Yet, would you reward virtue, and had you any regard for my quiet—

A I R XXXI. *My Dilding, my Dalding.*

Ah! should you ever find her

Complying and kinder,

Though now you have resign'd her,

What then must ensue!

Your flame, though now 'tis over,

Again will recover;

You'll prove as fond a lover,

As I'm now of you.

*Lycm.* What would you have me do?

*Tbeaf.* I would have you distrust yourself, and remove the temptation. I have long had it at heart to find a match for my nephew Periphas, and I really think we can never meet with a more deserving woman.

*Lycm.* I see her—Do with her as you please; you have my consent: but 'tis my opinion, that Periphas will not find himself much obliged to you; for the man that marries her must either conquer his own passions or her's; and one of them (according to my observation) is not to be conquered.

*Enter Deidamia and Achilles.*

*Tbeaf.* The character Deidamia hath given of you, and your own behaviour, child, have so charmed me, that I think I never can sufficiently reward your merits.

*Act.* Deidamia's friendship may make her partial. My only merit, Madam, is gratitude.

*Tbeaf.* To convince you of the opinion I have of you—But first I must ask you a question—Don't you think, Lady Pyrrha, that my nephew, Periphas, is very agreeable?

*Act.* That impatience of his, to serve as a volunteer with the troops of Lycomades, at the siege of

Troy, is becoming his birth—So much fire, and so much spirit!—I don't wonder your majesty is fond of him.

*Tbeaf.* I don't know, every way, so deserving a young man; and I have that influence upon him, and, at the same time, that regard for him, that I would have him happy. Don't think, child, that I would make him happy at your expence; for, knowing him, I know you will be so. Was the Princess Calista here, 'tis a match she could not disapprove of; therefore, let that be no obstacle, for every thing in regard to her I take upon myself.

*Act.* Would you make me the obstacle to his glory? Pardon me, Madam, I own myself underserving.

A I R XXXII. *How happy are you and I.*

First let him for honour roam,

And martial fame obtain:

Then (if he should come home)

Perhaps I may explain.

Since then alone the hero's deeds

Can make my heart give way;

Till Ilion falls, and Hector bleeds,

I must my choice delay.

*Tbeaf.* Nay, Pyrrha, I won't take these romantic notions of yours for an answer. Deidamia is so much your friend, that, I am sure, she must be happy with this alliance: so, while I make the proposal to my nephew, I leave you two to talk over the affair together.

*Act.* Was there ever a man in so whimsical a circumstance!

*Deid.* Was there ever a woman in so happy and so unhappy a one as mine!

*Act.* Why did I submit? Why did I plight my faith, thus infamously to conceal myself? What is become of my honour?

*Deid.* Ah, Pyrrha, Pyrrha! what is become of mine?

A I R XXXIII. *Fy gar rub her o'er with Straw.*

Think what anguish tears my quiet,

Since I suffer'd shame for thee:

Man at large may rove and riot,

We are bound, but you are free.

Are thy vows and oaths mistaken?

See the birds that wing the sky;

These their mates have ne'er forsaken,

Till their young at least can fly.

*Act.* Peffered and worried thus from every quarter, 'tis impossible, much longer, to prevent discovery.

*Deid.* Dear, dear Pyrrha, confide in me. Any other discovery, but to me only, would be inevitable perdition to us both. Can your gratitude (would I might say love!) refuse to let me know the man to whom I owe my ruin?

*Act.* You must rely, my dear princess, upon my honour; for I am not, like a fond, weak husband, to be teased into the breaking my resolution.

A I R XXXIV. *Beggar's Opera. Hornpipe.*

*Act.* Know that importunity is in vain.

*Deid.* Can then nothing move thee?

*Act.* Ask not, since denial gives me pain.

*Deid.* Think how much I love thee.

*Act.* What's a secret in a woman's breast?

*Deid.* Canst thou thus upbraid me?

*Act.* Let me leave thy heart and tongue at rest.

*Deid.* Love, then, hath betray'd me.

*Act.* For heaven's sake, Deidamia, if you regard my love, give me quiet.—Intreaties, fondness, tears, rage, and the whole rhetoric of woman, to gain her ends, are all thrown away upon me; for, by the gods, my dear Deidamia, I am inexorable.



*Did.* But, my dear Pyrrha, (for you oblige me still to call you by that name, only think of my unhappy condition. To save my shame, (if you are a man of honour) you must then come to some resolution.

*AIR XXXV. My Time, O ye Muses!*  
How happy my days, and how sweet was my rest,  
Ere love, with his passions, my bosom distress'd!  
Now I languish with sorrow, I doubt and I fear;  
But love hath me all; when my Pyrrha is near.  
Yet, why have I griev'd? Ye vain passions, adieu!  
I know my own heart, and I'll think thee as true:  
And as you know my heart, 'twould be folly to range;  
For who'd be inconstant, to lose by the change?

*Act.* Till I deserve these suspicions, Deidamia, methinks it would be more becoming your professions of love, to spare them. I have taken my resolutions, and when the time comes, you shall know them: till then, be easy, and press me no farther.

*Did.* My life, my honour, then, I implicitly trust with you.

*Act.* Who would have the trouble of putting on a character that does not naturally belong to him! The life of a hypocrite must be one continual scene of anxiety. When shall I appear as I am, and extricate myself out of this chain of perplexities! I have no sooner escaped being ravished, but I am immediately to be made a wife.

*Did.* But, dear Pyrrha, for my sake, for your own, have a particular regard to your behaviour, till your resolution is ripe for execution.

*Act.* Considering my continual restraint, and how much the part I act differs from my inclination, I am surpris'd at my own behaviour.

*AIR XXXVI. I am come to your House.*

Your dress, your conversations,

Your airs of joy and pain,

All these are affections

We never can attain.

The sex so often varies,

'Tis nature more than art:

To play their whole vagaries,

We must have woman's heart.

*Did.* Your swearing, too, upon certain occasions, sounds so very masculine; an oath startles me. Would I could cure myself of these violent apprehensions!

*Act.* As for that matter, there are ladies, who, in their passions, can take all the liberties of speech.

*Did.* Then, too, you very often look so agreeably impudent upon me, that let me die if I have not been mortally afraid my sisters would find you out.

*Act.* Impudent! Are women so censorious, that looks cannot escape them? May not one woman look kindly upon another without scandal?

*Did.* But such looks—Nay, perhaps, I may be particular, and it may be only my own fears; for (notwithstanding you dress) whenever I look upon you, I have always the image of a man before my eyes.

*Act.* Do what we will, love at some moments will be unguarded. But what shall I do about this Periphas?

*Did.* His heart is so set upon the siege, that I know you can have but very little persecution upon his account.

*Act.* Would I could go with him!

*Did.* Dear Pyrrha, don't mention it; the very thought of it kills me. You have set my heart in a most violent palpitation. Let us talk no more upon this disagreeable subject. My sisters will grow very impatient. They are now expecting us in the garden, I would not give them occasion to be impertinent: for, of late, they have been horridly prying and inquisitive. Let us go to them.

*Act.* I envy that Periphas. His honour, his fame, his glory is not shackled by a woman.

*AIR XXXVII. The Clarinets.*

Ah, why is my heart so tender!

My honour incites me to arms:

To love shall I fame surrender?

By laurels I'll merit thy charms.

*Did.* How can I bear the reflection?

*Act.* I balance, and honour gives way.

*Did.* Reward my love by affection;

I ask thee no more than I pay.

### ACT III.

*Enter Theaspe, Periphas, and Artemona.*

*Theas.* **P**ERIPHAS, I have a favour to ask of you, and positively I will not be refused.

*Per.* Your majesty may command.

*Theas.* Nay, nephew, 'tis for your own good.

*Per.* My duty, my obligations, put me entirely in your disposal.

*Theas.* You promise, then, solemnly, faithfully—

*Per.* I do.

*Theas.* I have remarked, Periphas, that you are prodigiously fond of the Princess Calista's daughter,

*Per.* I fond of her, Madam!

*Theas.* You may safely own your passion, Periphas; for I know you think her agreeable.

*Art.* Besides her being the fashionable beauty of the court (which is sufficient vanity to make all the young fellows follow her) you, of all mankind, in gratitude ought to like her. I know all of them envy the particular distinction she shews you.

*Theas.* I am convinc'd of her merits; and your marrying her, I know, would make you both happy.

*Per.* Let me perish, Madam, if I ever once thought of it.

*Theas.* Your happiness, you see, hath been in my thoughts. I take the settling this affair upon myself.

*Per.* How could you, Madam, imagine I had any views of this kind? What, be a woman's follower, with intention to marry her! Why, the very women themselves would laugh at a man who had so vulgar a notion of gallantry, and knew so little of their inclinations: the man never means it, and the woman never expects it; and, for the most part, they have every other view but marriage.

*Theas.* But I am serious, nephew, and insist upon your promise.

*AIR XXXVIII. No sooner had Jonathan leapt from the Boat.*

What are the jests that on marriage you quote?

All ignorant batchelors censure by rote:

Like criticks, you view it with envy or spleen;

You pry out it's faults, but the good is o'erseen.

*Per.* 'Tis not in my power, Madam; 'tis not in my inclinations. A soldier can have but one inducement to marry, and a woman may have the same reason too) which is, the opportunities of absence; though, indeed, a lady of Pyrrha's romantic disposition may have no objection to following the camp.

*AIR XXXIX. Love's a Dream of mighty Pleasure.*

Soldier, think before you marry;

If your wife the camp attends,

You but a convenience carry,

For (perhaps) a hundred friends:

If at home she's left in sorrow,

Absence is convenient too;

Neighbours now and then may borrow

What is of no use to you.

*Theas.* I, indeed, feared Pyrrha might have started some difficulties; but if you rightly consider the proposal, you can have none.

*Per.* What is the cause of the war we are now engaged in? Does not the fate of Menelaus stare me in the face?

*Theas.* I will have no more of your trifling objections, Periphas; from this time, I will look upon the affair as happily concluded.

[*Exeunt Theas. and Art.*]

*Per.* Had I so little taste of liberty as to be inclined to marry, that girl is of so termagant a spirit, the bravest man must have the dread of an eternal domestic war.

*Enter Ajax.*

*Ajax.* This rencounter, Periphas, is as I wished. The liberties you have taken—you know what I mean—when my honour is concerned—an—indignity, and all that—'Tis not to be put up; and I must insist upon an explanation—

*Per.* Your accosting me in this particular manner, Lord Ajax, requires explanation; for, let me die, if I comprehend you.

*Ajax.* Death, my Lord, I explain! I am not come here to be asked questions. 'Tis sufficient that I know the affront, and that you know I will have satisfaction.—So, now you are answered.

*Per.* I can't say much to my satisfaction, my Lord; for I can't so much as guess at your meaning.

*Ajax.* A man of honour, Periphas, is not to be trifled withal.

*Per.* But a man of honour, Ajax, is not obliged, in courage, to be unintelligible.

*Ajax.* I hate talking, the tongue is a woman's weapon. Whenever I am affronted, by the gods, this sword is my only answer.

*Per.* 'Tis not, Ajax, that I decline the dispute, or would, upon any account, deny you the pleasure of fighting; yet (if it is not too much condescension in a man of honour) before I fight, I would willingly know the provocation.

AIR XL. *Magg Lawther.*

*Ajax.* What is all this idle chat?

Words are out of season.

Whether 'tis or this or that,

The sword shall do me reason.

Honour call'd me to the task;

No matter for explaining:

'Tis a fresh affront to ask

A man of honour's meaning.

*Ajax.* You know, I suppose, of my pretensions to a certain lady. Now are you satisfied?

*Per.* If you had her, my Lord, it had been much more to my satisfaction. I admire your courage.

AIR XLI. *Lord Frog, and Lady Mouse.*

Oh, then, it seems you want a wife!

Should I consent,

You may repent,

And all her daily jars and strife

You may on me resent.

Thus ev'ry day and ev'ry night,

If things at home should not go right,

We three must live in constant fight.

Take her at all event.

*Ajax.* Hell and furies! I am not to be rallied out of my resentment.

*Per.* Now, in my opinion, 'tis flinging away your courage, to fight without a cause; though, indeed, the men of uncommon prowess, by their loving to make the most of every quarrel, seem to think the contrary.

*Ajax.* You are not so sure of the lady, Periphas, as you flatter yourself; for whenever I am a rival, by Jove, 'tis not her consent, but my sword, that must decide the question.

*Per.* Sure never a rival (as you will call me) had

a better reason for fighting than I have at present; for if I am killed, I shall be out of danger of having the woman.

*Ajax.* If I fall, Pyrrha may be yours: you will then deserve her—Till then—

*Per.* So he that conquers, as a reward, I find, is to be married—Now, dear Ajax, is that worth fighting for?

*Ajax.* Spare your jokes; for my courage wants no farther provocation. Have not I seen you whisper her, laugh with her? And, by some particular looks at the same time, 'twas too evident that you were laughing at me.

*Per.* Looks, Ajax?

*Ajax.* Yes, looks, my Lord? and I never did or will take an impertinent one from any man!

*Per.* Impertinent one!

*Ajax.* Furies! this calm mockery is not to be borne. I won't have my words repeated.

*Per.* Such language, Ajax, may provoke me.

A I R XLII. *Richmond Ball.*

What means all this ranting?

*Ajax.* Cease your joking,

'Tis provoking.

*Per.* I to my honour will ne'er be wanting.

*Ajax.* Will you do me right?

*Per.* What means all this ranting?

*Ajax.* Cease your joking,

'Tis provoking.

*Per.* I to my honour will ne'er be wanting.

*Ajax.* Talk not, then, but fight.

Give then by action

Satisfaction.

*Per.* I'm not in awe, Sir.

*Ajax.* Death! will you draw, Sir?

Tittle-tattle

Is a battle

You may safer try.

*Per.* Yet, first, I'd fain know why.

*Ajax.* Draw, Sir.

*Per.* Prythee, put up, Ajax.

*Ajax.* By Jupiter, Periphas, till now I never thought you a coward.

*Per.* Nay then, since my honour calls upon me.—Take notice, Ajax, that I don't fight for the woman. [*They fight.*]

*Enter Theaspe, Artemona, and Guards.*

I Guard. Part 'em.—Beat down their swords.

[*They are parted.*]

*Ajax.* 'Tis very hard, Sirs, that a man should be denied the satisfaction of a gentleman.

*Theas.* Lord Ajax, for this unparalleled presumption we forbid you the palace.

*Ajax.* I shall take some other opportunity, my Lord. [*Exit Ajax.*]

*Enter Diphilus and Guards.*

*Diph.* To prevent future mischief, my lord, his majesty puts you under arrest, and commands you to embark with the troops immediately; and you are not to come ashore again, upon pain of his majesty's displeasure.

*Per.* The queen then must dispense with my promise till after the expedition.—I think myself infinitely obliged to his majesty.

A I R XLIII.

In war, though wounds and death we fear,

How gracious those events,

Compared to what the wretch must bear,

Who marries and repents.

The foes surround in numbers brave,

Soon ends the martial strife;

But once by wedlock's chain a slave,

The contest lasts for life.



*Enter Philoe, and Lelbia.*

*Lelb.* Though she is a woman and a favourite, I dare say, if Artemona promises, whatever she suffers, she will inviolably keep it to herself.

*Art.* If I had not this quality, I had little deserved Theasp's friendship.—Be assured, ladies, you may safely trust me.

*Phil.* Deal fairly and openly with us, Artemona. Have you remarked nothing particular of Deidamia's conduct of late?

*Art.* Her particular intimacy with Pyrrha, do you mean?

*Phil.* Dear Madam!—Then I find we must speak first.

*Lelb.* Now, dear Artemona, can any woman alive imagine that shape of her's within compass?

*Art.* But how can one possibly have those suspicions?

*Phil.* She is a woman, Madam; she hath inclinations, and may have had her opportunities.

AIR XLV. *Minuet of Cora in the Ninth Concerto.*

We may resolve to resist temptation;

And that's all we can do;

For in the hour of inclination

What cou'd—I or you?

*Phil.* But the happy man!—there, Artemona, is all the secret.

*Art.* I beg you, ladies, to turn this discourse; for Deidamia and Pyrrha are just coming upon us to join the conversation.

*Enter Deidamia and Achilles.*

*Lelb.* Now I dare swear that careless creature Pyrrha hath not once thought of her clothes.

*Art.* Nay, dear lady Pyrrha, the thing is not such a trifle, for 'tis the only mark of respect that most people are capable of shewing. And though that is not your case, I know your gratitude can never omit this public occasion.

AIR XLV. *Tom and Will were Shepherds twain.*

Think of drefs in ev'ry light;

'Tis woman's chiefest duty;

Neglecting that, ourselves we slight

And under-value beauty.

That allures the lover's eye,

And graces ev'ry action;

Besides, when not a creature's by,

'Tis inward satisfaction.

*Art.* As I am yet a stranger, ladies, to the fashions of the country, 'tis your fancy that must determine me.

*Phil.* How can a woman of common sense be so un solicitous about her dress!

*Lelb.* And trust a woman to chuse for her! 'Tis a temper to be spiteful that very few of us can resist; for we have not many pleasures that can equal that of seeing another woman ridiculous.

*Phil.* But you have not, Pyrrha, misplaced your confidence.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* The anti-chamber, Madam, is crowded with tradespeople.

*Phil.* Did I not tell you that I would not be troubled with those impertinent creatures?—But hold—I had forgot I sent for em.—Let 'em wait.

*Lelb.* But if those foreign merchants who lately came into port are among 'em—

*Serv.* They have been waiting, Madam, above this half hour.

*Lelb.* Let us see them this instant.

*Enter Ulysses, Diomedes, and Agyrtas, disguised as merchants.*

*Art.* Unless you have any thing that is absolutely new, and very uncommon, you will give us and yourselves, gentlemen, but unnecessary trouble.

*Uly.* Our experience, Madam, must have profited

very little by the honour of dealing with ladies, if we could imagine they could possibly be pleased twice with the same thing.

*Diom.* You might as well offer 'em the same lover.

*Ulyss.* We have learned the good-manners, Madam, to distinguish our customers.—To produce any thing that had ever been seen before, would be a downright insult upon the genius of a lady of quality.

*Diom.* Novelty is the very spirit of dress.

*Lelb.* Let me die, if the fellows don't talk charmingly!

*Phil.* Sensibly, sister.

*Lelb.* 'Tis evident they must have had dealings with ladies of condition.

*Diom.* We only wait your commands.

*Ulyss.* We have things of all kinds, ladies.

*Phil.* Of all kinds!—Now that is just what I wanted to see.

*Ulyss.* We know a lady can never fix, unless we first cloy her curiosity.

*Diom.* And if variety can please, we have every thing that fancy can wish.

AIR XLVI. *The Bob-tail Lark.*

In drefs, and love, by like desires

Is woman's heart perplex'd;

The man and the gown she one day admires,

She wishes to change the next.

The more you are fickle, we're more employ'd,

And love hath more customers too;

For men are as fickle, and soon are cloy'd,

Unless they have something new.

*Lelb.* But, dear man, consider our impatience.

*Ulyss.* Would you command the things, ladies, to be brought here, or would you see 'em in your own apartment?

*Lelb.* How canst thou, man, ask such a question!

*Phil.* Here—immediately.

*Ulyss.* Nay 'tis not, Madam, that our goods can be put out of countenance by the most glaring light—as for that matter—

*Lelb.* Nay, prythee, fellow, have done.

*Ulyss.* I would not offer you these pearls, ladies, if the world could produce such another pair.

*Phil.* A pair, fellow—Dost thou think that jewels pair like men and women, because they were never made to agree?

*Diom.* Now, ladies, here is all that art can shew you.

—Open the packet.

*Lelb.* This very invidual pattern, in a blue pink, had been infinitely charming.

*Phil.* Don't you think it pretty, Deidamia?

*Ulyss.* Look upon it again, Madam.—Never was so delightful a mixture!

*Diom.* So soft! so mellow!

*Ulyss.* So advantageous for the complexion!

*Lelb.* I can't bear it, man; the colour is frightful.

For heaven's sake, Sir, open that other packet; and take away this hideous trumpery!

*Ulyss.* How could'st thou make this mistake!—Never was such an eternal blunder. [Opens the armour.]

*Phil.* How ridiculous is this accident!

*Diom.* Pardon the mistake, ladies.

*Lelb.* A suit of armour!—You see, Philoe, they can at least equip us for the camp.

[Another packet opened.]

*Ulyss.* If your expectations, ladies, are not now answered, let fancy own herself at a stand. 'Tis inimitable! 'Tis irresistible!

*Lelb.* For heaven's sake, Lady Pyrrha—Nay, dear child, how can any creature have so little curiosity?

[As the ladies are employed in admiring the armour, Achilles is examining the armour. Ulysses observing him.]

*Achil.* The workmanship is curious; and justly mounted! This very sword seems fitted to my hand.—The shield too is so little cumbersome; so very easy!—Was Hector here, the fate of Troy should this instant be decided—How my heart burns to meet him!

*Ulys.* [*Aside to Diom.*] That intrepid air! That godlike look! It must be he! His nature, his disposition shews him through the disguise. [*To Ach.*]—Son of Thetis, I know thee; Greece demands thee; and now, Achilles, the house of Priam shakes.

*Ach.* But what are you, friend, who thus presume to know me?

*Ulys.* You cannot be a stranger, Sir, to the name of Ulysses.—Know, Sir, Diomedes; he, too, is ambitious to attend you, and partake your glory.

*Diom.* Come, Agyrtes; with him we carry conquest to the confederates.

**AIR XLVII.** *My Dame bath a lame tame Crane.*

*Ulys.* Thy fate then, O Troy, is decreed.

*Diom.* How I pant!

*Achil.* How I burn for the fight.

*Diom.* Hark, glory calls.

*Achil.* Now great Hector shall bleed.

*Agyr.* Fame shall our deeds require.

[*As Achilles is going off, he turns and looks on Deid.*

*Art.* For heaven's sake, ladies, support Deidamia. *Lesb.* Run then Artemona, and acquaint the king and queen with what hath happened. [*Ex. Art.*

*Phil.* Ah, sister, sister! the mystery, then, of that particular intimacy between you and Pyrrha is at last unravelled.

*Deid.* Can you leave me, Achilles?—Can you?

*Ulys.* Consider your own glory, Sir.

**AIR XLVIII.** *Gavotti of Corelli.*

*Ach.* Why this pain?

Love adieu,

Break thy chain,

Fame pursue.

Ah, false heart,

Canst thou part?

Oaths and vows have bound me.

Fame cries, go;

Love says, no.

Why d'ye thus confounded me?

*Deid.* Think of my situation.—Save my honour.

*Ulys.* Think of the honour of Greece. Victory, Sir, calls you hence.

*Deid.* Can you, Achilles, be perfidious?

*Ulys.* Can you lose your glory in the arms of a woman?

*Deid.* Can you sacrifice the fame of your faithful Deidamia?

**AIR XLIX.** *The Sebene.*

*Ach.* Oh, what a conflict's in my breast!

*Ulys.* What, still in suspense? bid fame adieu.

*Deid.* See me with shame oppress:

I curse, yet I love thee too.

*Ulys.* Let not her sighs unman your heart.

*Deid.* Can you then go, and faith resign?

*Ach.* Should I!—How can I part?

*Deid.* Your honour is link'd with mine.

*Enter Artemona, Lycomedes, Theaspe, Diphilus, Periphas, and Ajax.*

*Theas.* My daughter, Sir, I hope, hath put confidence in a man of honour.

*Ach.* My word, Madam, is as sacred as the most religious ceremony.—Yet (though we are already solemnly betrothed to each other) 'tis my request,

Madam, that before I leave the court the priest may confirm the marriage.

*Theas.* This might have proved a scurvy affair, Deidamia; for a woman can never depend upon a man's honour, after she hath lost her own to him.

*Per.* Our duel, Ajax, had made a much better figure if there had been a woman in the case.—But you know, like men of violent honour, we were to very valiant that we did not know what we were fighting for.

*Ajax.* If you are too free with your wit, Periphas, perhaps we may know what we quarrel about.

*Ulys.* What testy, Ajax! Petticoats have led many a man into an error. How lucky was the discovery! for had you found a real complying woman you had irretrievably been married.—The presence of Achilles shall now animate the war.

**AIR L.** *The Man that is drunk, &c.*

*Per.* Was ever a lover so happily freed!

*Ajax.* Try me no more; and mention it never.

*Ulys.* Suppose you had found her a woman indeed,

*Ajax.* Must I be teaz'd and worried for ever!

*Diom.* By conquest in battle we finish the strife;

*Per.* But marriage had kept you in quarrels for

*Ajax.* Must you be fleeing? [*Exit.*

True with your jeering.

Know that you wits oft' pay for your sneering.

*Per.* If you had been deceived by a woman—'tis what we are all liable to.

*Diom.* But Ajax is a man of warm imagination.

*Ajax.* After this day, let me hear no more of this ridiculous affair.

*Per.* Nay, for that matter, any man might have been deceived: for love, you know, is blind.

*Ajax.* With my sword I can answer any man—I tell you, I hate joking.

**AIR LI.** *There lived long ago in a Country Place.*

*Deid.* How short was my calm: in a moment 'tis past;

Fresh sorrows arise, and my day is o'ercast!

But since 'tis decreed, let me stifle this tear:

Be bold, yet be cautious; my life is thy care;

On thine it depends; 'tis for thee that I fear.

*Lycom.* May you be happy! the priest shall join your hands immediately.

*Theas.* And let her marriage to Achilles make us forget every thing past.

*Ajax.* Harkee, young fellow! this is the old soldier's play; for we seldom leave quarters, but the landlord's daughter is the better for us.—Hah!

*Ulys.* We may, for a while, put on a feigned character, but nature will shew itself at last.—'Tis to the armour we owe Achilles.

**AIR LII.** *Minuet of Corelli.*

*Single.* Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded.

*Chorus.* Thro' all disguise she herself must betray.

*Single.* Heav'n with success hath our labours rewarded.

*Chorus.* Let's with Achilles our genius obey.

**AIR LIII.** *Saraband of Corelli.*

*Ulys.* Thus when the cathadonce all woman's graces;

Courtship, marriage won her embraces;

Forth leapt a mouse; she, forgetting enjoyment,

Quits her fond spouse for her former employment.

**CHORUS.**

Nature breaks forth at the moment unguarded;

Through all disguise she herself must betray.

Heav'n with success hath our labours rewarded;

Let's with Achilles our genius obey.

[*Exeunt omnes.*